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and Gazette

122 YEARS OLD

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**CIRCULATION**

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"Right is More Precious than Peace"

### THE ZEEBRUGGE RAID.

In fighting the submarines the importance of tackling them at their source has been repeatedly referred to and what was apparently a determination to drive the rats out of the holes was the raid which was made upon Zeebrugge and Ostend by the British navy.

It was a daring exploit in which volunteers only participated. That there was a considerable loss was only natural. Such undertakings cannot be attempted or accomplished without that being expected, but when it is claimed that a reasonable success was attained the gain appears to be worthy of the effort.

For a long time the Belgian coast, harboring as it does the enemy craft, has been a source of great annoyance to the British. There the submarines and other small warships have made their headquarters and secured an advantage which needed to be eliminated. It is entirely possible that the raid and the plan of blocking the channel have not accomplished all that was expected. But even if complete success has not been obtained the very important fact has been demonstrated that such a plan can be carried out and if it is necessary what has been done can be repeated, and it should be for not only is it time to place every possible obstacle in the way of the underwater boats, but there is a tremendous amount of help and encouragement which the navy can give to the army through such operations. Strenuous though such attacks are they are a part of war and it is through such desperate efforts that decidedly advantageous results are often obtained.

### BULLDOZING THE DUTCH.

In the demands which Germany is making upon Holland it is apparent that it is pursuing the same course that it did with Belgium, and the Dutch have good reason to suspect the object of its neighbor.

Holland throughout the struggle has clung tenaciously to neutrality. It desires to maintain that at the present time, but from all indications Berlin intends that it shall at least be a benevolent neutrality with Germany being shown the favors. Just now of course it is bound to point out that Holland has been in a position to permit its vessels to be taken by this country and England. Such, however, is not the case. Holland has entered into no agreement. It has given permission to nothing that has been done by these countries. In fact it was not necessary that it should, and because it refused to enter into an agreement it can refuse the German stand more emphatically.

In the requisitioning of the Dutch ships the allied nations did only what they had a right to do under international law. This must be recognized by Germany as well as by Holland. The latter fully understands that there was no act of war committed by such action, and it likewise knows that it will be protected in its neutral position. Germany nevertheless is trying to force Holland to grant it privileges which are not provided for under international law. It seeks to get favors through bulldozing the Dutch and shaking the iron fist in their face. Holland stands up for its rights when it declines to submit and it certainly would have good reason for taking up arms if Germany continues to insist upon the use of Dutch territory to which it has no claim whatever.

### INCREASING OUR TONNAGE.

The need of taking advantage of all kinds of vessels is indicated by the action of the shipping board in chartering 400,000 tons of sailing ships from Norway. These are for the most part large ships, some running to a tonnage of 5,000, but all are of steel, and the service which they will be able to render will not be slight.

Unfortunately because they are not steam vessels they will not be of as much assistance as steam vessels would be, but when it comes to securing ships under present conditions it is a case of obtaining what is available and not what might be desired if the best could be had.

These chartered Norwegian ships are not to be used in the war zone. The very fact that they are sailing vessels would make such a use unwise.

but in being employed to replace shipping between this country and South American ports such a tonnage will mean the release of not a few steam vessels which are engaged now in such trade. Because the space will be reduced it will not mean an exchange of vessel for vessel, but whatever can be withdrawn from that service, even though this help should relieve only a third of the steam tonnage, is bound to be welcomed.

At the same time this announcement of an increase in chartered ships is made there also comes a pleasant statement to the effect that a Seattle shipyard has turned out a big cargo carrier in 53 working days. That is a gratifying accomplishment which makes the east dock its cap to the west, and shows that our shipbuilding efforts are showing commendable improvement daily.

### RESPECT FOR NO NATION.

If the attitude of Spain has been highly preposterous indignation has run high in that country on many occasions because of the kind of treatment it has been getting from the Imperial German government. The rights of this neutral nation are getting no more respect than those of belligerents. New attention is directed to this by the report to the effect that a French ship has put into a Spanish port, badly damaged as the result of an encounter with an underwater boat, which not only torpedoed the vessel within the territorial limits of Spain, but actually was operating within the three mile limit, having been on the land side of the ship when it fired the destructive missile.

For some time Spain has been suffering such injustices. Its own vessels have not only been attacked, but held up and raided within Spanish limits. They have been sunk on the high seas without warning just as if Spain was an enemy instead of a neutral nation. Spain has protested to Berlin against such treatment and while there has been a letup in the sinking of Spanish vessels the latest disclosure shows that Spanish waters are still infested with the U-boats, which may even have bases on Spanish domain.

There can be no question but what the Germans have a right to interfere with French commerce under stipulated conditions, although these have been totally disregarded during the war, but it has no right whatever to operate its submarines or any other warships in Spanish waters and in support of its rights it would not be surprising if Spain did something more than assert its indignation and present protests over such continued disrespect for all nations.

### STILL UP IN THE AIR.

Householders are continually being urged to fill their coal bins and to do so early regardless of the fact that no coal is to be had and little if any fuel is being forwarded for such storage purpose to this part of the country.

In this connection the Hartford Times well says: "There is no use in worrying but it is impossible to forget that in spite of many promises by or for the government there is conspicuous difficulty in getting coal delivered to householders in anything more than dribbles. Not so very many weeks ago we were assured that if people would put in their orders for coal early they would get coal early. The statement was not quite so simple as that, but it was that in substance. It is officially declared that the fuel administration is pleased with the promptness with which orders have been filed, but it cannot be said on the other side, that the public is pleased at finding that putting in orders does not result in any considerable delivery. Furnace fires are still wanted and there seems to be a real effort to furnish the small quantities needed to meet the actual present wants of the average citizen. But it is hard to forget the promises made not very many weeks ago of prompt and ample supplies for the coming season. Every household has been filled early, but there seems to be a painful uncertainty whether they will be filled early. And we have painful recollections of the experiences of last winter."

This situation has been frequently referred to, but the uncertainty, as is great in the minds of the dealers as in those of the householders. Everything appears to be up in the air, even as to the matter of price, and that being the case there can be little wonder that as great confusion as ever prevails regarding the question of coal for the next winter.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The man on the corner says: Cultivate the habit of getting up early enough to make the sun look lazy.

The mass of ruins like that at Rheims will stand as an everlasting monument to the memory of the Huns.

The claim is made that Turkey and Bulgaria are already quarreling over the spoils of the war. That's nothing new in the Balkans.

With a Norwegian company organized in this country to build concrete ships it looks as if we had been letting time slip through our hands.

This is certainly the season of the year when optimism should prevail among the war gardeners, but the weatherman ought to do his part.

Even with the loan campaign under full swing there are those who are not overlooking the excellent possibilities of the thrift and war savings stamps.

From the way in which the small places in Connecticut are going over the top in the loan, the larger communities must realize that they cannot fail to keep their end up.

It is taking some time to determine just what are the German owned factories in this country, but when such ownership is settled the proper course is being taken regarding them.

Those who are contributing more to the government through penalties than they would have through the payment of their proper tax cannot put forth any recognized claim to being super patriotic.

While we are hard at work building new ships we are just at present having very good success in getting the use of vessels from other nations, all of which will serve to tide over until the emergency fleet is greatly increased.

### PATRIOTIC PANCAKES

And I said to Bob, the married sister paused to untangle her yarn. "Now look at that, will you, and tell me whether I've knitted three times around or four."

"And could Bob tell?" queried the sister sweetly and mischievously. "Bob? Gosh! I can see myself it's three. Well, as I was saying, Bob followed me into the kitchen and shut the door and I said to him that in my opinion some people's idea of food conservation seemed to consist in getting themselves invited out to meals. And he didn't like that; so he answered he always supposed practicing food conservation consisted in criticizing the way other people did it."

"And I said, 'Well, it's enough to have an old lover walk in unexpectedly and bring a fashion plate bride to compare with one without having one's own husband insist on their staying to Sunday night tea when he knows perfectly well that you don't wish to ask them.' But by that time he had begun to explain to me that I hadn't heard all they had been saying about how long it would take to drive home and so on, and he just mentioned some of the things that I thought it would be easy for me."

"Well, you weren't obliged to have pancakes just because he spoke of them, were you?"

"Yes, I was, because the minute he heard the word, Don Beckman said that for the sacred cause of pancakes he'd stay whether his wife would or not, and at last Gladys—that's his name—said that if we'd promise not to give them one thing but pancakes and coffee they would stay. And there I was!"

"Well, I finally sent Bob back to entertain them. Somebody had to stay in there, or they would all have been out in the kitchen, and the point was, I didn't have a single solitary thing to put on the table. Not a drop of milk, not an egg in the house—I simply would not pay the price on Saturday—and not a bit of flour. I stood there in that kitchen remembering how I'd promised to have them."

"Whatever you are, don't be Mrs. Hasn't-Got-Any. And I wouldn't have had Bob or Don Beckman know—"

"Pooh! It's patriotic to be out of flour these days. If you had cornmeal—"

"But I didn't—or only a tablespoon—"

shot up, and he dropped, blazing furiously.

Ten minutes later we crossed the lines, and shortly afterwards landed. After handing in my precious negatives I strode round to the Squadron Office, and found Harris filling a combat report.

"You got that one a treat, old man," he remarked, "have a cigarette."

"I have just smoked X," he said; "they got five, and have one machine missing; good work."

"You mean that amount much more heartily on my way to the mess, as I thought of that gallant escort fighting against great odds to protect us. But it is thus that photographs are secured.—"Z in London Chronicle."

Searchlights are Nerve Racking. (Correspondence of The Associated Press):

Searchlights are the most nerve-racking enemy which the airplane pilot has to face in night flying, writes an almanac in the Daily Mail.

"Searchlights are cruel things," he says, "are far harder on the nerves than high-explosive or shrapnel. They sweep the air, as though they had volition of their own, and were great arms stretched out across the night, sweeping the darkness with an eager desire to find their quarry."

"Perhaps the almanac is flying placidly over the enemy country territory in an area which he knows has been hitherto undefended. Suddenly, he sees immediately in front of him a beam of light moving up and down, up and down."

"Nearer and nearer it moves towards him, weaving its way in wide sweeps across the sky until it flashes over him, and for a moment the machine is lit up and he is conscious of a great pool of intensely brilliant light, in which he seems to swim, and then it passes beyond him—but remains very near the machine."

"The pilot throttles his engine and turns slightly as he glides silently down the night. The beam is, as it were, puzzled, and moves slowly behind him as he glides. The beam is farther off, and soon he has left it a long distance behind him."

"He goes on, light-hearted again for the moment, feeling as a mouse must do when it has escaped a cat, and has been playfully tapped a few times by a heavy paw, and has then, by a sudden move of strategy, managed to escape to the safety of its hole."

Instructions Before Starting. And then followed minute instructions. Was. These were very necessary on a job like this, because you are sent out with instructions to report again, a certain area. The pilot must fly over that ground, and the observer has to judge when he has reached that locality and begin working the camera.

Five minutes later we were up and getting our height as we approached the lines. We signalled to our scout escort and soon they were circling above us picking up formation. Higher and higher we went till at last Harris turned our bows towards the lines. Behind us and above followed the scouts, gleaming like silver in the sunlight.

"As far as I could see, as I gazed somewhat anxiously ahead, there was no other machine in the sky, but this is small comfort to an experienced flyer who knows that Fritz is fond of lurking high up in the sun, where he is nearly invisible, and dropping like a thunderbolt if he seems easy prey."

I took the telephone. "Harris," I said, "I am going to start taking now." "Right," came the reply. "I ducked in the cockpit. Suddenly 'Whoo! whoo! whoo!' and then a sharp crack, and the bus rocked a bit and dropped a hundred feet or so. By the time I had recovered my breath I used to his little games that one heeds him not at all."

Between the manipulation of the camera I glanced out and saw our scout escort circling above us, and below us were towns that we were not in the habit of flying over, and ahead were others which I had only seen before as blotches on the horizon.

Now I knew that we were not below us were towns that we were not in the habit of flying over, and ahead were others which I had only seen before as blotches on the horizon.

"Whoo!" were the only sounds, when a small voice spoke in my ear. "Huns," it said and nothing else.

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The Fight Begins. I fingered my gun lovingly, then ducked back into the cockpit. I was out again between each snap. We were now heading for home, and I judged that another six photos would cover all the ground that I intended to fly over. The fight began. I could hear the rattle of machine-guns. Imagine what it is like, squatting down in a small hole surrounded by canvas and thin wood, and knowing that a short distance away a battle royal is being fought, a battle against odds too, where another gun would mean a lot.

I was out like lightning. Scarcely 200 yards away and diving straight at us came a Hun. I took aim and fired a long, sharp shot. Luck favored me. The Hun seemed to stagger slightly, then a bright streak of flame

ful in the bottom of the package. I knew there was a half cupful of barley, and that was all. I was planning to lay in a supply of everything at my bargain place next morning, you know, but what would that count with a man? No use—those packages had to be made.

"So I dumped my little dabs of flour substitute into a bowl and realized that they would make about enough for a doll's tea party. Then I began to simmer. I found a dist of hominy grits—cooked, you know—and put that in. There was a cup or so of milk. It tasted a little bitter, but I gave it a pinch of soda and popped it in. I discovered some grated bread crumbs at least a thousand years old. In they went. Of course that sour milk wasn't wetting enough; I had to take tap water for the rest, and I soon saw that the batter was never going to thicken."

"Don't laugh—it was tragic! In the pantry was a jar of peppered and salted rice, and I had dipped oysters all before frying them the night before. I had saved it because there was too much to throw away, but I was morally certain it would taste rich. I—and it turned the trick. Oh, yes, I had been shoveling in baking powder whenever I felt the worst. And Betty, my dear, they really did look like pancakes! But I didn't dare tell them."

"The grandest success ever!"

"Don Beckman raved. But when he said he could imagine they had oysters in them and his wife told him wisely that it was cornmeal—that corn really did have an oyster flavor—I nearly collapsed. And he wanted her to get my rule—and then I had my inspiration."

"They are rather new," I said modestly. "They're patriotic pancakes—no wheat in them, which was perfect for me. I had been the original goddess of liberty those men couldn't have paid me more homage after that. Bob simply strutted with pride from the minute till they were gone."

"And didn't he shout when you told him?"

"Told Bob? What—shatter his faith like that? Oh, no, you wouldn't either child. You think you're new now, but wait till you're married!"—Chicago News.

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### WEEPING EZEKIEL SOON RELIEVED A Perfect Treatment For This Distressing Complaint

WAS. "I had an attack of Weeping Ezekeia; so bad that my clothes would be wet through at times."

I suffered terribly. I could get no relief until I tried 'Fruit-a-lives (or Fruit Liver Tablets) and 'Sootha Salva'. The first treatment gave me relief. Altogether, I have used three boxes of 'Sootha Salva' and two of 'Fruit-a-lives', and am entirely well."

G. W. HALL.

Both these remedies are sold by Dealers at 50c. a box, 5 for \$2.50, or sent by FRUIT-A-LIVES Limited, OGDENSBURG, N.Y.

"Fruit-a-lives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.

to get our position, the sun behind us and the Huns in front and below us, the sun blinding their vision. Then we led off the attack. Following my leader, I picked out the Hun machine in the rear. It being my first attack I felt a bit windy (nervous) but soon forgot everything but the business in hand.

I "pulled up my nose" and stalled, whipping down straight toward the earth in a sharp dive. I started a series of zig-zags and spirals, making it more difficult for the Huns to return my fire, bearing in mind that I must keep in his blind bay so that he could not return my fire.

The Hun was wise and maneuvered also, but I had the advantage of greater speed and height. On and on I went and within fifty yards of him I let loose the fireworks. I planned my shots to enter the fuselage of his machine and after firing a shot burst I saw my bullet enter the direction just behind his engine. I was running at a high rate of speed, and just as I pulled up on him quickly, had cause to swear at my rotten luck. Just as I had him in my sights was a gun jam. To make matters worse behind me I heard the rattle of a machine gun. Things looked bad for me just then. An Immelman turn brought me around in the direction from which the shots came to face, as I supposed, an attack from another machine. Imagine my relief when I saw it was one of our own flight, diving and flying like mad at the very machine I had been pursuing. At the Hun he went and let loose the whole works, the Hun bursting into flames.

Not wishing to have my patrol until I got my gun jam fixed, I followed and watched the Hun drop, his wing folded, finally a little spot of flame and smoke. It certainly must be a horrible death.

A gun jam occurring in a fighting scout machine can put one in a most trying, and sometimes dangerous predicament, especially if he is over the line and happens to be attacked. In this case I worked frantically at the feed block and managed to extricate the faulty cartridge and then carried on. In that fifteen minutes fighting we got two out of the eight Hun machines we attacked.

Views of the Vigilantes

THE YEAR OF OUR HONOR 1917-18

By Marion Couthouy Smith of The Vigilantes.

One year ago America, as a nation, awoke from "a deep dream of peace,"—a peace which was not peace, a dream which was illusive, glorious, and even as we know too well today disastrous. Some of us had been awake from the first, the warning voice had sounded in vain. But at last the people as a whole began to realize that the things we had refused to believe were true, the hopes we had cherished were dead, the moral ideals that blind selfishness had obscured were rising like stars in a darkening sky. Since then we have been growing, but too slowly, seeing, but not clearly enough, nor working, but not strongly enough, with sufficient co-ordination of effort. And now we see that we have to redeem the time; we know that in 1914 we should have prepared to defend our neutrality, and a year later, perhaps, should have cast off that neutrality as an evil thing. By 1916 we should have attained at least to the point of efficiency that we have reached today.

But all that is past, and we cannot more have been done than the pessimistic waste time in regret. Within the year lies among us know how to believe. Much remains to be done, but we are going forward with an increasing measure of rapidity. The spur of just and loyal criticism doubled our speed, and the force of stupendous events will drive us farther, until, please God, we shall yet be able to save the world.

As to practical details,—we must send men, and more men, and not for one moment believe that bit of German propaganda that has lately assailed our ears,—that the Allies want more food and supplies, but not more troops. They want both; and we must never forget it. To hear of our short-ages arising from the lack of equipment, and our dependence on the French for these vital necessities, fills us with an intolerable sense of helplessness indignation and vexation. That is a state of mind as a deterrent, but an added spur to every ounce of effort we can put forth, even if that effort consists only in the constant reiteration of Mr. Choate's last passionate phrase: "For God's sake hurry!"

Remember, this means more than patriotism; it means internationalism, in the real, not the fanciful sense. Russia, the deserter, is our terrible object-lesson. The notion of revolution in Germany deceives us no longer. We are on the battle-field of Armageddon, where all that aspires toward good is ranged against all that tends to evil. Though now our full force comes in late, at least let it come powerfully. Let us move mightily, generously, steadily. Our motto must be: "At any cost!" Our battle-cry: "To the end!" Let us meet this supreme test with the high resolve that these dead may not have died in vain, and with the full belief in ultimate victory, however delayed.

"For right is right, since God is God. And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin."

Where Courage Is Needed.

There is plenty of American courage on the firing line. A little more in the jury box would be welcome.—Buffalo Enquirer.

French authorities who have been examining the recruits of the 1912 class attribute their superior physique to a more robust and increasing popularity of sports.

### THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

AS SAFE AS GIBRALTAR.

By Ray Stannard Baker, writer and investigator, the real "David Grayson."

I look upon the Liberty Loan not so much as a duty, although it is a duty, nor as a favor to the Government—an investment as safe as Gibraltar at a good interest rate—surely no favor to anybody but the investor—I look upon it rather as an opportunity for us to get together—all of us—in a great and noble undertaking.

When I was asked to help make the world "safe for democracy," Not all of us can fight. In my town of Amherst only about 60 men so far out of a population of 5,500 have actually been in the Army. That leaves 5,440 of us at home. The same proportion holds good in every town in America.

The Liberty Loan supplies us—the great mass of us who must remain behind—the opportunity of doing something vital, something really important, in helping to win. We can lend a little of our money to the Nation that the Nation may send our boys to the front to fight the battles of liberty and democracy. If these young men, the best national asset we have—willingly offer their blood for the great cause, I for one welcome the opportunity of supporting them to the utmost.

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